TWO HUNDRED NINETY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts

1638 1933

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CHURCH SERVICE

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 5, 1933

Preacher of the Anniversary Sermon
Rev. RICHARD GREELEY PRESTON

Writer of the Anniversary Ode
Lieut. JOSEPH A. MAHONEY

ORDER OF SERVICE

SALUTATION TO THE COLORS
TRUMPETERS

INVOCATION
REV. RAYMOND LANG, S.T.B.

VICTORY — *Protheroe*
CHORUS

READING OF THE SCRIPTURE
REV. RAYMOND LANG, S.T.B.

SOPRANO SOLO—"O, Lord Most Holy" — *Mozart*
MISS MARJORIE WARREN LEADBETTER

READING OF THE DEATH ROLL
BY THE ADJUTANT

(The congregation will rise)

TAPS

SOLDIER REST — *Scott*
CHORUS WITH TRUMPET OBLIGATO

PRAYER
REV. RICHARD GREELEY PRESTON

SANCTUS — *Gounod*
CHORUS

SERMON
REV. RICHARD GREELEY PRESTON

HYMN TO THE MADONNA — *Kemser*
CHORUS

ODE
LIEUT. JOSEPH A. MAHONEY

STAR SPANGLED BANNER — *Francis Scott Key*
(The congregation will rise and sing)

BENEDICTION
REV. RICHARD GREELEY PRESTON

(The congregation is requested to remain until the troops leave the church)

RECESSIONAL — *Wagner*

COULD YE NOT WATCH?

By Joseph A. Mahoney

"Sic non potuistis una hora vigilare mecum"

"Could ye not watch one hour with me?"
Spake the sorrowing Christ to the drowsy three
On Olive's Mount where He went to pray
As the shadows loomed on the tragic day,

That boded the end of His earthly life,
Erased by hatred and greed and strife,
Leaving as proof He had ever been,
The impress He made on the lives of men.

They saw Him heal the withered hand
And write with His finger in the sand;
Beheld Him calming the angry sea,
And walking the waves of Galilee.

When the five thousand hungry were fed
They helped to distribute the fishes and bread.
They marked Him still the tempest wild;
Were there at the raising of Jairus' child.

Raised by Him from their lowly place,
They daily looked upon His face.
He numbered them with that deathless band,
Known of all men in every land.

They were Peter and John and James,
Because of Him only we know their names.
When love implored their eyes were dim.
They could not watch one hour with Him.

* * * * *

An hundred thousand suns have set
Since that far day when first there met
Those "others" and "divers gentlemen,"
Who wrought with a vision beyond their ken.

Banding to succor the harassed state,
Defend the home, the child, the mate,
They set out on a tour sublime,
Down the endless miles of the road of time,

Thru famine and death and wars' alarms,
With eyes to front and "shoulder arms,"
Like Caesar's legions in the days of old,
The ranks were replenished by spirits bold.

Blazoned in gold on their ancient shield,
Held high on many a gory field,
Was the legend that every man should heed,
Trust not in words, but the deed—the deed.

Age has not quelled the spirit of youth—
And nought lives forever save only the truth—
But nearing the end of our three hundredth year,
We steadfastly cling to all they held dear.

We muster today as in all the years past,
A diminutive band in a world that is vast,
To banish the weakness of dread and fear,
By the strength of courage and hope and cheer.

Bugles and drums wake the roseate dawn.
At night there are fleshpots and clinking horn;
A day of marching through cheering throngs,
Of handclasps and greetings and stories and songs.

Thus we observe the day of our birth,
With jollity, fellowship, music and mirth,
And accept for ourselves applause and acclaim,
For the deeds of the dead who won us our fame.

Greatness is not merely riches and power—
These but the pomp of the passing hour—
But that which lives and ever survives
Is the gross and the scope of good men's lives.

So it is meet on this festive day
To visit God's house where men do pray,
And ponder and dwell in our deep heart's core,
On the lives of our comrades gone before.

Till the last night spreads its darkling pall
Over a lifeless world and all,
May we never cease to honor and praise
The great and the good of bygone days.

Let not their shades come from the tomb,
And sorrowful ask in the banquet room,
The question was asked of the sleeping three,
"Could ye not watch one hour with Me?"

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

IVES' BAND

D. ALBERT IVES, *Bandmaster*

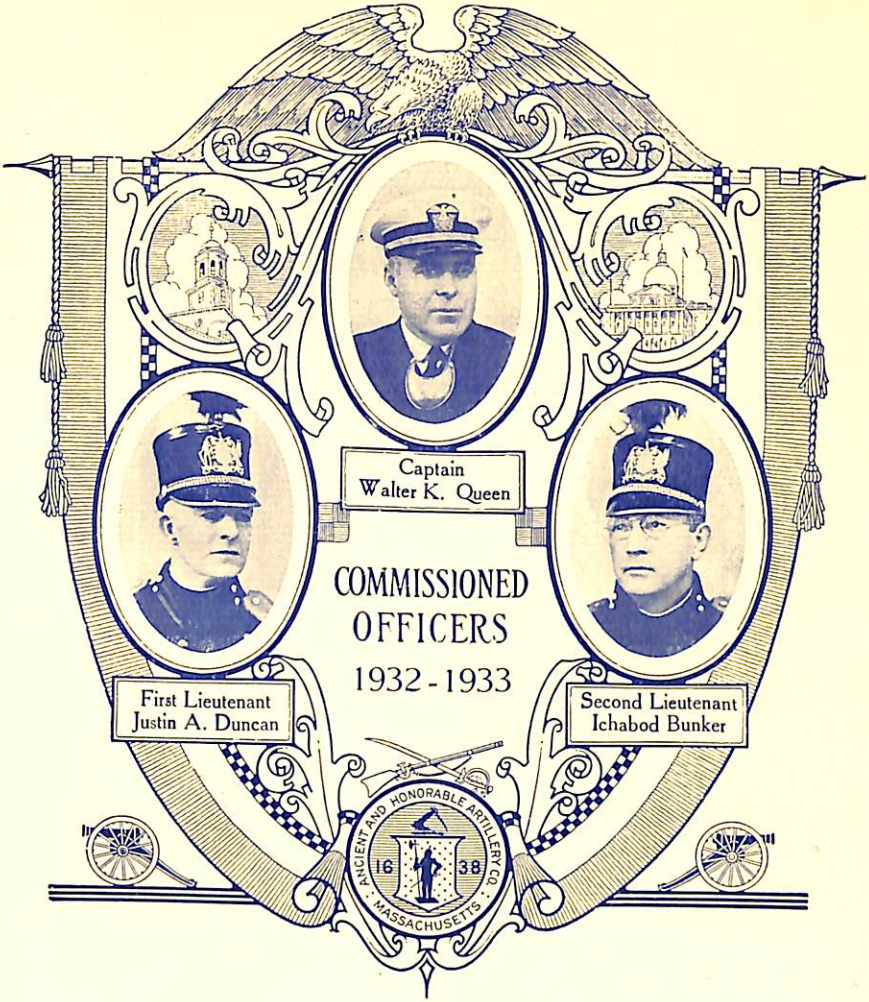
and the following artists under the direction of
MR. WILBUR E. DAVISON

MR. LESTER M. BARTLETT
MR. H. C. JACKSON
MR. W. CLIFTON JOHNSON
MR. HOWARD BRAGDON
MR. ALFRED A. GRUHN
DR. W. FRANK AMES
MR. GEORGE McGOWAN
MR. FRANKLIN G. FIELD
MR. JOHN R. JONES
MR. FRED W. MacDONALD
MR. A. CAMERON STEELE

MISS MARJORIE WARREN LEADBETTER, *Soprano*
DR. CARL McKINLEY, *Organist*

Assisting Instrumentalists

MR. F. R. WHITEHOUSE
MR. KARL FORSELL
MR. O. P. JACOBS
MR. H. F. CADE
MR. G. L. STONE
MR. E. L. WESCOTT



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BOSTON, MASS.